

MEASURE

'89

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Kim Kennedy

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Johnny junior has a United States flag.
It hangs from his bedroom wall.
He worships his father, he loves the war,
But of each he knows nothing at all.
"My daddy's a soldier. He's strong and he's brave.
He fights in Vietnam.
I wish that I were bigger and older.
I'd work for my dear Uncle Sam."
His mother tried the best that she could
To explain the six o'clock news,
But Johnny just said, "For our father democracy,
We all must pay our dues."
Johnny doesn't know what democracy is.
He'll learn that in history class.
For now, Johnny's mother just smiles her smile,
And waits for this time to pass.
G.I. Joe, plastic tanks, and tiny soldiers
Fill the young child's life.
Little does he know of the pain of his mother,
The American soldier's wife.
One day as little Johnny was "bombing" the carpet,
His imaginary enemy's land,
A knock on the door sounded through the house
And his mother grabbed his small hand.
The knob was turned quickly.
The door was flung open wide.
But neither the boy, nor the beautiful mother
Were ready for what they found outside.
The Mrs. looked downward to stare at her husband,
And the boy only started to cry.
Junior and Senior, Johnny and Johnny,
Were literally eye to eye.
Now five years have passed since the cumbersome wheelchair
Came into their wonderful lives.
Young Johnny's mother feels lucky because

She's not among the widowed wives.
But the boy and the man, Johnny and Johnny,
Can't share her complacency.
They feel bitter and used, grossly abused,
In the name of democracy.
The flag that had hung on young Johnny's wall,
The powerful red, white, and blue,
Has been locked in a box with the soldiers and tanks,
And replaced with something new.
When Johnny junior looks at the stumps
Where his father's legs used to be,
He says to himself, "Make peace, not war,
And that will never happen to me."

Terri Scroggin

The Wonder of It All

Oh, the excitement — the wonder of it all
Like the beauty of the ladies at a summertime's ball,
Or the sun up in a cloudless sky, on an autumn's day
And the damp, starched smell of golden grass — the freshly cycled hay.
Ah, the enjoyment — the wonder of it all
Like the hypnotizing melody of the morning dove's call,
Or the moon up in the starless space, in full bloom tonight
And the musty, age-old stench of books — the library is right.
Goodness, the beauty — the wonder of it all
Like the aroma of long-awaited rain just before its fall,
Or the misty spray from ocean's hands, hitting upon rocks,
And the color of the rainbowed birds, scattered from their flocks.
But, the observant — the wonder of it all
Like the life of microorganisms not knowing that they're small,
Or the knowledge of capacity, filling up the lands,
And extremeties from point to point — arctic snows to sands.
Still, exaspiration — the wonder of it all
Like the simple grunt and grumble of the infantile drawl,
Or the taste of finest cuisine food — tastebud's lust of life,
And torment of the people's souls, fighting through the strife.
Yes, preservation — the wonder of it all
Like the child from the mother's womb who's now learning to crawl,
Or the young girls with their baby dolls, the dream-state as adults,
And the snide, obnoxious teenagers — the spewing of insults.
No, termination — the wonder of it all
Like the feeling of ill health upon a friend who gave his all,
Or the stillness of the atmosphere, in the mortuary.
And the soul with newborn freedom lives — in God's sanctuary.

Michael Sheehan

My Grandmother, Susan: A Profile

My grandmother, Susan, exemplified many characteristics in her life indicative of both individuality and commitment. She was the third of eight children and learned at a very early age that sharing the tasks of farm life was essential for survival. Performing chores such as feeding animals, milking cows, washing laundry, assisting with child care, and working in the garden or fields were daily routine. Every family member was expected to do his or her share for the benefit of all. Such responsibilities were never even questioned. From her experiences, she grew to love the land and dreamed of owning her own farm when she grew up.

At age twenty-two she married a farmer with similar aspirations. Together they purchased eighty-five acres of land, built a home, and raised eight children. Hard work, determination and strength of character appeared in every undertaking throughout her life.

She approached each new day in a regimented, orderly manner. Beginning at five o'clock in the morning, without exception, she performed specific tasks such as laundry, ironing, or gardening at a designated hour, on a particular day of the week. Her day ended when her work was completed. If extra work needed to be done, she stayed up longer. I can remember a time when she worked at preparing food for a special occasion until three in the morning, but still awakened at five o'clock to begin the day. She always told her grandchildren that she had a "built-in" clock. "The day just wouldn't wait for her."

When finances were scarce, she also found time to include an extra job such as raising bulk quantities of pickles for the local pickle factory or cleaning a neighbor's home. No task was too menial or too hard if it helped her to achieve her goals in life. She felt she could achieve anything she set her mind to and encouraged her children and grandchildren to do the same.

This austere environment did not limit her ability to reach out to others. If a neighbor was ill, she was likely to be the first person to offer a helping hand. She prepared meals, performed chores when they couldn't, and provided personal or child care if needed. She often fed those without a family or wife to go home to. People truly in need knew they would never be turned away, but they also knew she would not tolerate being used to acquire a free hand-out. To test their honesty and integrity, she would sometimes offer work to be done as payment for her assistance. She depised lying, laziness, and lack of dependability.

Participation in community affairs and development broadened her outreach to others even further. She somehow found time to help organize and arrange money-making projects, bazaars, social activities, work crews and meal preparation for numerous community needs. One of the church members used to say "Susie is the person to call on if you want to get the job done." She could also be counted upon to share in the fun, as well, when the work was completed. She especially enjoyed the community "hoe-down" square dances. Not only could she "dance the night away," but substitute for the square dance caller in addition.

Reading the newspaper, listening to radio and later T.V. kept her informed and knowledgeable about current events. The noon and evening news were a part of her daily

schedule. Voting was also vital in her life. She always listened carefully to all potential candidates in an attempt to make the wisest decision possible. She frequently lectured anyone who didn't exercise his voting privilege. Standing up for what you believed in and voicing an opinion were necessary to keep the government on the right track, according to Susan. She openly discussed her interpretations of candidate positions and volunteered to help with duties or meals on election day.

Pride in her country showed in the same way. Three sons served in the military and she was very proud of their contribution to the well-being of the nation. She frequently reminisced about their battles and showed off their medals. She showed great respect for public officials but would openly tell them at a meeting or in a letter that they'd not done the job they set out to do. Once again she expected them to say only what they intended to do.

When her husband died, after forty-four years of marriage and a long term debilitating illness, she was more than capable of independently managing their family farm, but felt the need to include her grown children in some aspects. Most Sundays were reserved for family dinners and discussions as well as playing with grandchildren. Even though the family unity she sought did not fully develop, she had much influence on the blossoming values of the youngest generation.

A strong disciplinarian, Susan didn't display much emotion toward her grandchildren, but they always knew she cared by her actions. Cooking a special food, providing care, playing cards, or performing jobs together "just to chat," spoke her feelings more than hugs or kisses. She often emphasized the importance of values she lived by and explained why. Rules as well as laws were established for the well being of all and breaking a rule was sure to evoke her anger. A loud torrent of reprimand was likely to ensue. Rather than fear her, though, most felt miserable because they had disappointed her. The rules were usually basic and reasonable, and she never expected more from anyone than she gave of herself. She also always kept her word when she gave it, whether reward or punishment.

Not having had the opportunity for advanced education, she emphasized the need continuously to her grandchildren. She considered education the "ticket to the future" in allowing them the opportunity to achieve anything they chose to strive for. Education plus the same hard work and determination she exhibited could make their greatest dreams a reality.

As her grandchildren grew up and moved away, she again expanded her outreach to the young families with small children in the community. She became babysitter and "grandma" to numerous children and continued to influence lives and teach values until she was almost ninety years old.

Living independently became impossible at the age of ninety-three, and she had to move into a nursing home. At this point, family members were concerned that she would simply give up living but such thoughts never entered her mind. Instead she attended church services, bingo, crafts class and every other social activity they could provide. While she was at it, she very boldly pushed and prodded other residents to do the same. Living life to the fullest was her goal to the very end, and I believe she truly fulfilled it.

Louise Wortley

Chris

Chris is like a wind tunnel
Air rushes through her head like it is
being poured through a funnel.
At times she's really dizzy,
And it seems like her hair should
be all blond and frizzy.

Jim Henson

Beer

A man sitting on a bar stool alone,
always out drinking, never at home.
His wife is wondering if he'll call.
He insists there's no problem at all.
Trying to forget all his troubles,
he's just sitting there watching his bubbles.
He brings out his wife's picture.
Staring at it he starts to lecture.
"I loved you first my dear,
But my new found love is this can of
BEER!"

Michael Carey

Did He Just Wink?

Did he just wink?
Was that smile for me?
Maybe it was a blink.
Oh, I wish I could see!

Maureen Gemperle

Hear Me Cry

Today they're here,
Tomorrow they're not.
They can't take life. They won't and they're not.
Someone hear me, hear me cry.
I can't do this, I don't know why.
They get their guns and off they go.
Where they're going no one knows.
Should I do it? If so, how?
Well, I'm gonna do it here and now.
Someone hear me, hear me cry.
Please anyone, I don't want to die.
Off to my room, I slam my door.
No one even cares anymore.
Well here goes nothing, I'm gonna try.
Would anyone care if I should die?
A knife, a gun, they do no good.
If only someone understood.
No one to turn to, no where to go.
Life is nothing but a big side show.
Well I'm gonna go now. Life is done,
I'm taking my gun and gonna run.
No one, but no one heard me cry.
Now look everyone, I'm going to DIE!

Dawn Johns

One of Those Days

Have you ever had one of those mornings when you wake up and say "I have a bad feeling it's going to be one of those days?"

You know the type on which nothing goes right and all through the day and into the night you hear that little voice say "I knew it was going to be one of those days!"

The kind of day when your alarm goes off ten minutes late, the showers are cold, and your friends don't wait. You know it's been one of those mornings and worse yet you know it's going to be one of those days.

You rush to class and arrive to find things may change 'cause here's a quiz on those fifty pages you read. But as you settle in you check for your friends just as the prof. asks, "Excuse me, but what class are you in?" Again you say, "It's one of those days."

You go to the caf only to find forty people standing in line and all they have left is Shepherds Pie. That voice in your mind is there again to remind you "it's one of those days."

You get back to your room only to find the door's been locked and your keys are inside. It's definitely going to be one of those days.

At last dinner has come and you have waited in line but you get to the door only to find you gave up your number and can't get inside. It's been one of those days. You keep hoping to wake and find it's all a dream but lo and behold it's

Reality!

P. Christensen

Pink Shoes Lying Untied

In the library of my mind I sit at a table
Reading and I look up over my glasses
 One table over there is a girl with curly blonde
 hair
 Two pink shoes lying untied on the floor
 Naked feet tucked up under blue-jeaned legs
Reading from a pile of books
 Blonde tuft of hair fallen between blue eyes
She licks dry lips painted pink and looks up
At me through blue shadowed eye lids
I picture her in a midnight blue dress
 Thin straps tied over sun tanned shoulders
Naked feet, naked legs wading through the
 knee-high surf
I stand back upon the beach
Wind blowing my hair blowing her dress
I hold her shoes in my hand and watch her happy
I wake up again and again
I don't want to escape the dreams
 But some nights back in Florida too hot to sleep
And I lie half awake wishing
 Wishing to return to sleep
So I shiver quiver and try to rest
Only the fan on the ceiling keeps me awake
 whirring quietly into the night

Christopher Helton

His Cries Never Cease

Such a disease, when your tired lungs breathe pain.
When nothing you do, or think, or say can seem
To ease the in-turned hatred and to bring self-esteem.
What comfort if such love you could feign.
Does this lack of ego make you insane?
Often you walk, as if in a hellish dream,
And your insides wrench and wriggle in a scream.
Achievement means nothing when your mind is slain.
What's that you say? You can no more abide
By the laws of this world — the cruelty and lies?
Please open up! In me you can confide.
Don't be so hasty in clipping earthly ties,
Peace can't be found by means of suicide.
To this you didn't listen, but I still hear your cries.

Terri Scroggin

My Special Person

As I sit waiting for my one special person,
My thoughts seem to wander.
I look out into the field and I see
A calm blue ocean,
Warmed with sunlight from above.
I see birds filling up the clear blue sky,
flying free like little white doves.
I hear the foam rippling
along the sandy shores.
And I see the anxious fishermen,
shoving off with their oars.
The cool breeze draws me closer
and my soul begins to soar.
I often wonder
If I could stay away
at this beautiful place,
But somehow
I know
that it cannot be the case.
Then I am awoken.
And I open my eyes,
and I realize,
That my idea of heaven
just walked in.

Kathleen Szczepkowski

Untitled First

this is a poem.
—“let’s talk about a wheelbarrow.”
“Why?”
—“because poets talk about things like that.”
the wheelbarrow ran over a flower.
“Why?”
—“because all poets write about flowers.”
blue.
“What’s that for?”
—“poets get off on color.”
“Why?”
—“I don’t know, they just do.”
running jumping laughing.
“You need commas.”
—“no, I don’t.”
“What’s the subject of the sentence?”
—“it’s understood.”
“Not by me.”
the sun is warm and i am happy.
“Shouldn’t you have a capital ‘I’?”
—“no.”
“Why?”
—“because.”
this is not the end It’s the beginning.
“What?”
—“forget it.”

Rich Pesenko

Twice

I'm like a lightning bolt ready to strike;
No one ever knows when or where my fire will spark.
During the dark, overcast storm,
My bright electricity breaks through the sky.
I can be destructive,
Even sometimes, quite deadly.
Watch out for me.
This lightning can,
An often does,
Strike twice.

Martha A. Willy

Unfinished Painting

I am like an unfinished painting waiting for the artist
to perfect his work.
Each day the artist approaches his work with a
slightly different outlook; just as each day my
outlook on life differs.
Somedays the artist revises previous brushworks,
somedays he mixes new pigments, somedays he
adds new detail to his work, and somedays he
makes strokes he will alter at a later time.
Somedays I right previous wrongs, somedays I at-
tempt new things, somedays I start new
friendships, and somedays I say things I will
unsay later.
The artist has faith in his work — never quitting until
he is satisfied that he has produced his best work
ever.
I have the same faith in myself — but I'll never be
satisfied that I'm the best I can be, and as long as
I live I'll try to somehow improve me.

Jennifer Hammer

Crying

Crying is like an upcoming storm.
Skies turn to darkness.
Your heart turns a pale shade of black.
Winds begin to blow.
Emotions flow through your body.
A heavy mist fills the air.
Your palms are sweating . . .
The winds get stronger.
Your heart is racing.
The skies thunder.
You're trembling.
The earth is rumbling.
It begins to pour.
Your eyes let our enormous tears.
Clouds are moving briskly across the skies.
You begin to feel relief and begin to sob.
The sky begins to clear.
Your tears are drying.
The Sun Appears . . .
You SMILE and the relief is like the end of a storm.

Kerry Ryan

Realization

Very soon, or sooner than soon, a tidal wave is coming.
When it fills our rooms, our homes, our streets,
It will be satiated.
As every capillary, crevice, and crack expands its potential —
And explodes, we'll realize we can't contain it all, but
We must grow and grow and grow.
In the cool, constant rush of salt and sand
We feel caressed by animated liquid.
We drift for days, or years, or lifetimes until
We can survive the break.
Eventually, we're rolled in blue carpet then unrolled
To foam on the floor of resolute rocks.
Some of us live and some of us die, but
Thankful are all who no longer float.
In pain and fear and selfless love, we
Who have travelled through depth and space,
We'll wake up on our separate shores
And we will have found our one true face.

Terri Scroggin

To Bear:

Special Friends

I haven't known you for too long.
That's why I feel like I said something wrong.
Now that I said, "I think I love you."
I've thought it out, and that is not true.

I do love you, but in a very special way.
As a very special friend, like you always say.
I never met a guy like you before.
Who liked me for me, and nothing more.

You listen to my problems.
You give me advice.
You tell me to be happy.
You tell me I'm nice.

A person that treats me the way that you do,
And in this world there are very few,
Deserves the best in their life ahead.
So remember everything that I've just said.

So I hope you'll forgive me.
Because I don't know what I'll do.
If I ever lose a friend.
As important as *YOU*!

Mary Jackson

One of Those Days

It was one of those days where nothing went right. At work the phones were ringing, people yelling and paperwork went unfinished. I decided to go for a walk and lose myself in the hustle and bustle of the afternoon rush on the downtown sidewalks. The same thoughts were going over and over in my mind like a broken record.

Two hours later, I found myself by the lake. I just realized it was beautiful outside. But, I was still lonely and very depressed. I felt like sitting down. The only bench around was occupied by a blind man. He had the typical dark sunglasses on, a ratty old flannel with layers of shirts under it. His pants were thin with holes in the knees, and the whole ensemble was topped off with dirty white socks and old dress shoes. His hair was stringy and uneven and his face had unshaven salt and pepper whiskers.

He sat there strumming a sad little song on his guitar, swaying to the rhythm. By his side sat a cup with two pennys in it. First thing that occurred to me was that he wasn't blind. Maybe he was just one of those "trick beggars." So, before I sat down I decided to test him. First, I walked by and stared directly at him. No reaction. Then, I walked passed him, quickly turned around, and made my best ridiculous face. Still, no reaction. So, I decided to do the ultimate, I put my arms toward my back and juttied my head back and forth like a chicken. Nothing, he just kept strumming his sad little song. He passed the test, so I sat down.

We sat in silence for about five minutes. He finally said to me, "Having one of those days, huh?" I muttered a quick stifled "yes" and looked away. After a few minutes passed I couldn't help but stare at him. How could someone so absolutely pitiful looking, be so happy?

"Do you wanna know why I'm so happy?" he said. "I'm happy because it's a beautiful day, I'm playing my guitar and life is good. You know life is very quick, if you don't stop and take a look around it might pass you by. Since I'm blind, it's stop, touch and listen around!" That made me laugh, him too.

I watched him play his guitar for a while. His fingers were almost magical, they danced across the strings so gracefully. Soon, this couple walked by holding hands. They looked like they were on their first date. The man reached in his pocket and pulled out a shiny half-dollar piece and tossed it in the cup. That really bothered me, because any other day, he would've walked by without a second glance. The only reason he did it was to impress his girlfriend. The blind man tilted his head in acknowledgement and kept strumming.

The sun was starting to set behind the tall skyscrapers. The blind man turned to me and touched my cheeks lightly with his fingers. I drew back quickly out of fright.

"Don't worry I just want to feel what you look like." he said.

He lightly touched my eyes, hair, nose, cheeks, chin and lips. Then, he did that trick, where you pull an egg out from behind the ear, but instead he pulled out the shiny half-dollar piece. I looked in the cup, the only contents were the two pennies. He slipped the coin into my hand and smiled. Then, he started strumming this incredibly beautiful song. The kind that just makes you want to smile.

It was getting late, so I silently got up and slipped a twenty dollar bill into his cup. At the moment, it didn't matter if it was a lot of money. I didn't care either way. I was thirsty, so I went to a tiny stand and got something to drink. On my way back, I wanted to make sure no one took the money I gave him. I decided to just walk by and not say anything to him. But, as I walked by he said,

"You know, you really shouldn't make those silly faces, they really don't flatter you! Believe me you're pretty enough to be on a twenty dollar bill!"

I started to laugh and cry at the same time. He wasn't absolutely pitiful, he was absolutely beautiful. I stopped and looked around, life is fast, but like he said life is also good.

Dena Rose

Girl Meets Boy

There he was, as sexy as possible, standing against the wall in the cafe. I thought I was going to faint in admiration. I had first seen him walking to one of his classes three days before. His dark brown hair was short in the front, wavy and long in the back, my favorite style. His blue eyes sparkled even in the dimly lit cafe.

"Sue, there he is!!" I enthusiastically informed my roommate.

"Oh, do you mean Mark? He's in some of my classes," she replied nonchalantly. Just my luck, a guy resembling a man from Chippendales is in my roommate's classes! I suddenly thought of switching majors, but pushed that aside as too drastic. Maybe I'll go to some other classes with her. No, that won't work either! As my mind raced I couldn't understand how calm Sue was. She got in the lunch line as casually as if he wasn't even there. I thought I'd take her lead and get a grip on my emotions. By the time we finished going through the lunch line he was gone. My eyes searched frantically for him, only in vain.

Two days passed until I saw him again. I think Sue was beginning to lose her patience with her love-struck roommate. It was Saturday night, the prime party time, when I saw him again standing around 6'2" in a net jersey and ripped jeans. I had no one to lean on because Sue was back at our room. I was finally face to face with him. I felt like we were in a world of our own. The people around us disappeared into the night. I quickly came under his spell as our eyes locked in a union never to be parted.

Suddenly our silence was broken as he reached his hand out and said, "Hi, I'm Mark." His voice was suave, the words seeming just to roll off his tongue.

Like an inept fool I uttered a meek hello. To avoid looking him in the eye I looked down at my shoes. Suddenly they became very interesting. When I finally got the courage to look up and ask how he was enjoying the party, I found myself talking to some other guy, and he began rambling on about his thoughts on the party. My eyes scanned the party scene. Prince Charming was gone. I was so infatuated with him that I forgot how rude I was being when I asked Mr. Talkative if he knew Mark. He informed me that he not only knew Mark, but Mark's girlfriend as well. That completely caught me off guard! I had no idea! Without explanation I ran out of the room and all the way to my own room. I slammed my door shut, locked it, and threw myself onto the bed. In my haven I cried until my eyes swelled.

I moped around the whole next week hoping not to run into him. I felt like I was a walking zombie, unaware of what was going on around me. I kept wondering why I felt this way. Friday night came upon me too quickly. I told Sue to go to the party without me. She refused. Instead she told me that I was going with her, I was going to like it, and I might even smile. She liked saying that, so I had to laugh at her. Already she was cheering me up, so I decided to go with her.

We didn't even get into the party room when I saw in the hallway the best looking guy I had ever seen. This time, I assured Sue, it was for real. I was in love . . . again.

Maureen Gemperle

My Piano Man

There he sits, straight and tall, on the edge of the piano bench.
To calm his nerves he takes a deep breath and lets out a sigh.
For now the spot light is on him as he places his hands among the keys.
He studies the music one last time as he pounds out the first few notes.
The audience is overwhelmed by the strength and passion behind his playing.
His fingers move so swiftly, yet so delicately across the ivory keys.
He plays with such grace, yet fills each note with such powerful emotions.
He plays from deep within his heart and brings the music to life.
As the sounds dance through the air, his heart pounds faster
And his soul is lifted to dance among the keys in great delight.
As he turns the page, leaving the excitement pending,
Each glorious note echoes throughout the concert hall.
Suddenly the song has become his life, enveloping his heart and soul.
He focuses his eyes on the music again. The climax comes to an end,
And once again his soul may rest among the keys of life.

Gretchen M. Siegel

The Story of Theored

There once was a beautiful bald eagle named Theored. He flew majestically through the air, and was admired by all who watched him. He was the leader of all the bald eagles that lived in the Sunny Area. His deep, penetrating eyes, his sharp beak, and his huge wing span were leadership symbols to the other eagles, and they followed him dutifully.

One fine sunny day, Theored and his friend Rayen were flying through the blue sky when Rayen said, "Theored, when will you find a wife that you can live with and love?"

Theored was very surprised at this question, and responded, "Rayen, the clear sky and cottony clouds are my wives. They and I share a bond which will never be broken. If I get married, I would have to give them up. I couldn't give sweet nature up for any woman. I don't think I'll ever get married."

"But," said Rayen, "who will succeed you as leader of our large eagle colony? If you have no wife, you will have no strong children to take over after you go the Higher Skies."

Theored thought long and hard about this. "If I have no children, the large eagle colony will fall apart. I need children, and I need them quickly. I am a handsome eagle, and I know that I can find a suitable eagle wife who will bear me a great number of eaglets. I will call the colony together at once."

Theored called the vast colony together, and they met in the wide meeting place carved on the side of Mount Eloah. Mount Eloah was the largest, most imposing mountain in the Sunny Area. They all gathered together, waiting excitedly for what their beloved leader had to tell them.

"My friends," he said, "I have reached a crisis. If I have no children, no one will succeed me after I've gone to the Higher Skies. I need a wife, and I need a wife quickly."

The female eagles jumped at this news. To be the wife of Theored the Great was a position worth striving towards. All of them started to think about ways in which they could impress this awesome leader.

Theored quieted the crowd down. "I realize how many of you female eagles wish to be my wife. There will be much competition, and it will not be an easy choice for me to make. Therefore, we will have a contest." There was an uneasy buzzing in the female section of the meeting place.

Theored went on. "There will be a scavenger hunt. I will put the branches from the huge trees of Erne in different places around Mount Jerren and Mount Kalgor. The one who collects the most branches will win my favors, and be my lucky bride." Theored was a proud bird. "The wedding will be held on the top of Mount Eloah. The games will commence after the sun sets twice on the Sunny Area. Good luck to all."

Immediately, the eager females started to plan their strategies, with one exception. Her name was Lanaia.

Lanaia was a sassy eagle. She followed none of the conventions which were followed by her peers, and she conducted herself in a manner of which the other females did not approve. She was a rebel in every way possible. She wore her feathers in a ruffled, unorganized way. Her songs were piercing and often unsettling. Despite all of these faults, she had a curious, undefinable beauty about her. Many young male eagles secretly desired her favors, but their parents warned them all to stay away from this "strange bird."

While the other females wondered whether Theored would put the branches in Kalgor's Daylight Regions or in Jerren's Eternity Zones, Lanaia flew about the deep blue sky, singing songs of freedom outside of the Sunny Area. "That foolish Lanaia," said the females. "Even if she did show the least bit of interest in this grand competition, Theored the Mighty wouldn't give her a second glance."

The day before the contest was to begin, Theored spotted Lanaia gliding through the sky. He summoned her to him and asked, "Why are you not resting your wings for the great competition?"

Rebellious Lanaia replied, "I'm not going to take part in any games. It is all a game. These foolish females will do anything to be bound. They want a husband so badly that they fight amongst themselves to determine who the prettiest of them is. It is sickening."

Theored was somewhat taken aback by all of this. "Young rebel," he said, "do you realize what you would be missing out on? You could have me as a husband, the Great Theored."

"Yes, proud Theored," she replied. "I would be missing out on a life of servitude, a life of playing second fiddle to you. I can't subject myself to that. I want to be free — forever." She quickly flew away, leaving Theored astonished and bewildered.

The following day, the games commenced. All of the females began flying hither and yon, looking for branches on Mounts Jerren and Kalgor. Theored watched the games from atop great Elo, but he could not keep his attention focused. All he could see was the face of Lanaia. He heard her determined voice and looked into her deep set eyes. He found himself longing for the one he could not have. He spread his enormous wings and flew from atop the great mountain, in a quest to find this mysterious rebel. Why, he did not know. He only knew that he felt something that he had never felt before in his life.

He flew to the outer limits of the Sunny Area. There, he found the impetuous Lanaia flying and singing.

"Great, proud Theored," she sang. "Why are you here with the rebel? Where are your wives? High in the cracks of the sky, looking for love in lost places."

Theored called out, "Rebel, I am here because your face is in my mind, your song is in my ears, and your truth has reached my soul."

"What is it you want, proud leader?" she asked.

"I want to be free with you. I want to reach the Higher Skies together. I want to dance with you in the clouds. I want to see your face in the faces of my children. Please, marry me. I love you, sweet rebel."

"Leader," said Lanaia, "I want to break through the borders of the Sunny Area. If we are bound, I would have to stay here. I cannot lose my freedom."

Theored burst out, "I will go with you! Together, we'll fly and see clouds and skies which will be forever unknown to all others. I need you, ruffled beauty. Let me go with you."

By the time the two returned to Mount Elo, the games were progressing rapidly. Theored let out a cry that made the wind stand still. The colony gathered at the top of the majestic mountain.

"My eagles," exclaimed Theored, "know you that the games have ceased! I will take Lanaia as my wife, and leave to explore skies beyond the Sunny Area. The colony is to be led, from this time forth, by Rayen, my beloved friend."

Not a sound was heard among the eagles. Theored went on, "I have found love in the place where I never expected to. Rejoice with me, and know that you will soon find love yourselves. When you discover beauty, you will also realize, as I have, that silly competitions are useless. Let yourselves love, and let yourselves feel, as I have only just learned to do."

With that, Theored and Lanaia left the Sunny Area. They flew to regions far beyond themselves, and their souls and souls of their children were filled with light.

Ben Likens



Kim Kennedy

Building the Bridge

You went away on one of your
Little Adventures
To explore the Jungle of Life.
You roamed the Mountains
And trudged the Valleys
Now you want to come back.
Well, I've been exploring, too.
Don't expect things
To be like before.
I've grown.
I learned from the Bears and Bunnies and
Wolves and Sunsets.
Don't rush me
'Cuz I don't know
When your heart will yearn
For more adventure.
Now, you have one more River to cross
Before coming back.
And this time you'll have to build
The Bridge from
Scratch.

Francine Armenth

A Worthy Soul

"Who's next on the list?"

"Number 247."

"Number 247, please sit up and pay attention."

A woman, still groggy about the past events, lazily lifted her head and said,

"My name isn't #247. It's Lydia Montgomery and who are you?"

"I am Assistant to the Master of the Heavenly World, and I am to ask you one question before you move on . . ."

"Move where," she said snottily. "Last thing I know of, I was driving my 'Cedes through the mountains last night and . . . oh no I must have fallen asleep while driving." She looked down and noticed she had her purse. "Thank Goodness! This trip to heaven has probably made a shambles of my hair, although I think it has done wonders for my complexion." Lydia played with her hair and stared in her compact mirror at all angles. Tossing her hair back and forth and letting her jewels sparkle in the light.

"#247, you are not in the Heavenly World yet. I only ask of you one question which you must prove to the Master. Do you understand, #247?"

"Please call me Lydie. All of my friends at the country club call me that. 'Lydie, Lydie, Lydie,' they say. I just adored them. Will I ever see them again? How I do miss Jonathan. He just bought a neat little private plane, DC10 I think they call it."

"#247, your time is running out. I must ask you the question. If you cannot prove it to the Master, you will go to the Other Place."

"Oh, I get it. It's one of those personal questions like who does my hair. Well I'll tell you, his name is Ramone and he owns this little salon in Paris. It's on Rue de la something, but anyway he gives the best per- . . ."

"#247, you are wasting time with your incessant babbling. The question is: Are you made of blood?"

"Huh?"

"Are you made of blood?"

"I don't seem to understand," she said while flashing her "charming smile."

"#247, it is a simple question. Your time is limited."

She closed her eyes and thought hard.

"Oh I see. 'Made of blood,' means kind of like what are some good deeds I've done throughout my life. That's simple. Um . . . Uh . . . I've got it. How about the time Mummy, Daddy and I were in Mexico shopping in one of the villages . . ."

While her story went on, she crossed her legs and bounced the top one while she twisted her finger through a strand of hair. Lydia also gazed off toward the ceiling as if she could see the scene she was talking about.

"So anyway, this little Mexican boy came up to me and tried to sell me fake jewelry. I told him, 'Honey, the day I buy those fake necklaces is the day I eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch.' Then I gave him fifty dollars. How I pity those people. Paupers. So what do you think, Mr. Assistant, is that deed good enough for the Old Master?"

"Are you made of blood?" he said again.

"Prove to the Master you do not have liquid ice flowing through your veins. Prove to him you are worthy of the heavens."

"The question is stupid if you ask me. Of course I am made of blood. Isn't everyone? All humans are. What an asinine question," Lydia said with disgust.

"Are you made of blood? Time is running out, #247."

Lydia started to look tired, her hair disheveled and her make-up faint. Her clothes hung lifeless on her tired body. She lay in a heap on the ground, frustrated.

"Of course I am made of blood! Don't you believe me . . .?"

"It is not up to me to believe. It's up to you to prove to yourself and the Master you are made of blood," said the stern voice.

"What do you want from me. What can I do!" she started to sob quietly. Suddenly she looked up with panic written all over her face. She scrambled to her purse pulling objects out of it until she found what she was looking for . . . a hair pin.

"I'll prove to you. I'm made of blood!"

She pricked the finger of her neatly manicured hand. Nothing came out. She pricked and squeezed her finger until it was blue.

"Oh my God," she cried, "oh my God."

Lydia slumped in the chair. She was exhausted, frustrated and disappointed. She lifted her tear stained face. She no longer looked pretty. Lydia sat in silence feeling cold and numb.

"Are you still there?" she cried. "Can you hear me?"

"#247, your time is almost out."

"I remember feeling like this when I was younger. Cold and numb. Do you think you could call me Lydie instead of #247? It's much more personal. I remember this feeling of being empty and alone. Mummy, Daddy and I were always vacationing when I was little. At night when they went out with their friends they would leave me in the suite by myself. I thought I would go crazy. All there was to do was watch television. I prayed someone would knock at the door and there would be someone my age standing there. But usually it was just room service bringing my dinner.

Lydia was growing weak. She lay slumped on the floor still telling her story. "It's all because of money. I could've been at home playing with friends my own age and dating regular boys, not millionaire pompous jerks."

Tears streaming down her face, she yanked the diamond jewels out of her ears and threw them across the floor. "I wish there was never such a thing as money," she cried.

"When we went to Greece this young Greek man brought my dinner. I must have been about seventeen. He spoke very good English and asked why I looked so sad. I told him I was just lonely. He put my dinner on the table and started to leave. In desperation I asked him to join me. He said he shouldn't, but I begged him to stay. For the next hour we talked and laughed. I even shared my dinner with him. He insisted he had to get back to work. I told him to hold on so I could give him the hefty tip my father usually left for them. He refused to take it. He said it was more than enough to just spend an hour with me. Do you believe it! With me! I thought about his life outside the hotel. He probably helped support his brothers and sisters and any other relative that lived with him. I couldn't believe he had enough pride to turn the money down. If I put myself in his shoes, I would have most likely taken it. Money made my world go round. I should face it; money made my life boring and that's the end of it. It's too late now. I'm not even worth enough to buy myself into heaven. Are you still listening? It's me, #247! I know I keep babbling, but I'm just trying to buy more time. Well I guess I'm going to the Other Place."

She wiped the tears off her face with her fingertips. With a stripe of blood going across her face, she cried for joy as the blood flowed out of her fingertip.

A low deep voice said, "Welcome, Lydia."

Dena Rose

Ancient of Days

Rest, child on my bended knee
That I may charm your precious dreams
And alarm your hidden fears — both in the same moment —
With a tale of two ancient men.

The Achaians of long ago Greece lacked much
Of the electronic charm of our present day,
But these were men of great standing, beyond measure and compare,
Nothing like me, this father you know,
Whose knees are loose-jointed and hair turning gray.

The greatest of all these Achaian brave men was
Achilleus by name, a man among men,
A servant to the glory of the Achaian's best men.
From Pelasgian Argos he came, the land of fair women,
And as a leader of men, perfect he, swift-footed brilliant Achilleus.
A child of the gods he was, but fully aware of the pain we bear.
His excellence and bravery in battle was near lost to the Greeks,
When anger o'er took him. So great was his anger
That the gods themselves once sang — of his anger's
"Destruction, which put pains thousandfold upon the Achaians . . .
And gave their bodies to be the delicate feasting of dogs."
This great one, Achilleus like the gods, whose prowess towered over friend and foe,
Made himself most true when sorrow and vengeance fell dearly upon him.
Not only courage and strength, proud manly arts, were his,
But also the tears of the gods. Proud Achilleus like the gods,
Could weep, excellence of manhood bringing
 excellence of friendship and
 excellence of sonship.
"Achilleus wept now for his own father, now again for
Patroklos" his beloved, tears like Mary and the beloved John.
Achilleus the swift feet, through heart-sick with grief,
For the death of his beloved, brought himself headlong
Into the fray, to bring down blood on himself —
 the blood of a hero, tall Hektor of the shining Helm.
Food and drink mean nothing to my heart but blood does . . ."
 cried Achilleus the sacker of cities.
Blood that carried his passion, blood thicker than wine,
Yes, my child, he brought blood on himself.
In choosing honor and vengeance, he brought death to himself.
Like you and like me, Achilleus son of Peleus
Was destined to die — and indeed the story might end . . .
But you remind me, my sweet one, that this tale of mine is of two men.

This other, too, like Achilleus, knew how to choose death
For the love of another, as his blood flows like wine.
This other, too, like heaven descended Achilleus, knew sorrow
In his sacred heart, the betrayal of his closest, the hard-heartedness of kin.
And it began, some will say, when rosy-fingered Dawn
Saw three women standing, with fear and trembling
Before an empty tomb . . .

Dale Hathaway

On Looking Into Homer's Iliad

War is inevitable — they say,
Because the gods need to frustrate each other
To exercise their power
To wile away their time —
At the expense of people.

War is inevitable — they say,
Because nations must defend their territories
They must seize what is not their own
They must annihilate the enemy, kill the gook —
At the expense of people.

War is inevitable — they say,
Because men must reclaim their name and honor.
They must repossess the woman snatched.
They must teach their sons to hold their own.
But, Antigone must bury her brother.

War is inevitable? But listen!
Achilles questioned why his anger compromised him.
Hector regretted leaving his wife and home.
His son rejected him clad in war gear.
Is war inevitable?

Patricia E. Robinson, B.V.M

Branches of Life

Branches flying in the wind,
Breaking at the slightest touch.
Leaves trying to take the breeze and win
So many, so much.
Slowly the bark will fall
And embed itself in the grass.
The tree weak as a cotton wall.
The trunk, soft as hot brass.
The rings too many to count.
Surviving to an age so old.
The pretty birds no longer mount,
The crackling branches not so bold.
Now the branches descend to the ground.
It has a look of sadness.
More and more bark to be found.
It calls to nature "Take me from this madness!"
A flash of light and it's gone,
Disappearing in nature's own song.

Dena Rose

Falling Off the Edge of Life

One day while walking
I came across a bridge.
I sat by the railing,
With my feet dangling over the ridge.
I thought of numerous times of being the fool.
It felt like falling off the edge of life.
Slowly dropping down: so free
Pondering upon the times I could tell,
My friends were too far away to see.
It felt like falling off the edge of life.
It's time to grow and mature in my ways, strengthen the muscles of time.
No one to count the minutes for me. The hours are all mine.
It felt like falling off the edge of life.
That day I noticed Life wasn't flowing so free,
But it was then I realized — it was just slowing down to catch me.

Dena Rose

The Fall

I feel insecure
Walking to class.
What if I slip
And fall on my ass?

What's most overwhelming
Will be the embarrassment I'll feel
When who witnesses the fall
Is the one I love, Neil.

I'll climb to my feet,
All red in the face,
And ask for a hand
And a slow-walking pace.

Maureen Gemperle

It's Finally Over

I know it's finally over,
All the laughter and happiness that was ours,
All the fights and yelling,
All over.
The hope that was hanging by a thread
Is gone, too.
All the wishes disappeared.
I know it was finally over when I saw
You dancing with her,
Dancing to our song.

Francine Armenth

Trust

God, why can't I fully trust you?
I try to put my troubles in your
hands, but I always get scared
and take them back. Please help
me to be able to truly turn all
my troubles over into your hands,
and trust in you enough to know
you have the best planned for me.

Amen

Janice Andert

Innkeeper

Internal emotions don't always stay;
I pick up my pen, and secrets run out.
With my own words I can't seem to convey
What others feel is worth writing about.
Painful it is to know that my verses
Mean much to me, but little to most;
To fear that perhaps laughter and curses
Of readers could act as unfriendly host.
Within my own heart is each poem's home,
But readers are guests, as if at an inn.
Imagination does vary and roam
Through suites of the mind where ideas begin.
Those who snicker at my complacency,
Will always see the sign, "No Vacancy."

Terri Scroggin

Modern Day Knight

Take off your suit of armor and add the crown.
I'm hypnotized by you.
Grab my hair and pull back my head to gaze into my eyes.
I sometimes fear you.
It seems to me you play no games.
You intrigue my soul.
In days where chivalry was the role,
I walked across the puddle on your cape.
You absolutely charm me.
Press your lips on mine and along my nape.
My aggression is free.
Under the armor your muscles ripple.
I can feel your mesmerizing gaze through the metal,
Anyone, I cannot settle.
Let our hearts be one on the same sword,
My Modern-day Knight, take me to heaven or hell.
I can rely on you. With you is just as well.
Master, can you hear me! I'm tantalized by your touch.
Master, are you near me! I'm lost without your love.
Don't tease me. The torture is too much.
You laugh at me in your husky voice, you wretch!
I'm still hypnotized.
Is this a cruel joke, that I am infatuated with such a man?
Is he misguided?
I need to hear your voice. Speak! You can!
O' Mistress, can you hear me?
O' Mistress, are you near me?
Your knight has come to bare his soul.
The event is so few,
These special words I say are: "I shall for eternity love only you."

Dena Rose

My Breath Ran Ragged

I heard the sirens last night
they wiled like lost branches through the night
from my window I could see the flashing lights
it was late last night and I knew
and I knew that nearby someone died
I could feel the coldness
of the spirit as some stranger died
My breath ran ragged
as someone else stopped breathing
I closed my eyes to sleep that night . . .

I saw the wall yesterday
the names spray-painted upon it
yellow, orange, blue and red memories
Lives had been recorded on the wall
people who had never been able to escape
people who had never gotten out alive

Had things been different
could one of those lives been mine?

I saw the writing on the wall
but I didn't understand what I saw

Christopher Helton

Mark 10:51

Beneath the brilliant sun of Galilee
The pressing crowd could see Him move about.
Then "Domine, ut videam!" rings out
In desperation, "Lord, that I may see!"
The words of Bartimeus sound a plea
'Mid incredulity that others shout.
The scoffers in the crowd gape in their doubt
But do not know their own captivity.
Some awesome things seen clearly in the plight
Of old Tiresias lay hid from Laius' son,
Whose half-illumination held no light,
But led to blindness and an exile's run.
Contented moles content in darkness dwell
And dig complacent roads to their own hell.

Robert Garrity



Kim Kennedy

Memories of Love

Falling Rain
Distant Thunder
Ticket Stubs
Dried Corsages
Warped 45's
Yellowing Tissue
Worn Photographs
Outdated Dresses
Aging Letters
Memories of Love.

Jennifer Hammer

Grandfather

I feel the tears come rushing to my eye.
We saw him suffer and then die.
These tears fall down just as the morning rain.
There was nothing we could do to ease his pain.
There is a comfort within my heart
Even though his time has come to part,
Within each of us his spirit will live.
Although we will miss him and all he had to give.
The years of his life are gone. He had to go.
He has joined with the Lord, this I know.

Melissa Himes

Twentieth Century Lit.

How-to books on keeping slim,
How-to meet men at the gym,
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Terri Scroggin

Insomnia

Too tired, the brain, with no direction.
I pick it apart by lobe and by section.
Odd as it sounds, I'd prefer a lobotomy,
Pleasant ignorance, a rest on a shore for me.
If there were a switch, an "off" and an "on,"
I could wander aimlessly, abandon inspection.
A nap for my thoughts is all I desire.
My passions at rest, can I put out the fire?

Terri Scroggin

The Hopper Family: A Fairy Tale

There was once Ma and Pa grasshopper who lived very contentedly in a flower garden and wished very much to have a family. At last their wish came true, and three baby grasshoppers hatched from the eggs. Much excitement filled the flower garden. The tiny ants began prancing around telling the delightful news to all their friends. The crickets chirped with glee. The fireflies illuminated the night sky as they rejoiced.

After the children were born, Mahopper and Pahopper began to search for names to give their children. The largest baby was named Hugee, for he was the biggest and most inquisitive of the children — he feared nothing. The next child was named Mugee and was always very contented with everything about him. The tiniest of the grasshoppers was Tuee. He was always a little slower than the rest because his legs were shorter; therefore, he could not hop as far or as fast as his brothers.

One day as the grasshopper family was romping and playing among the beautiful and sweet smelling flowers in the garden, Mahopper heard an elegant voice. The voice came from a young and happy child who was picking a bouquet of flowers for her mother. Mahopper warned her children not to leave the flower garden, for they might be trampled by the girl's feet, which seemed gigantic from the grasshopper's view. But the children, who sometimes forgot about their mother's warnings, ventured to the edge of the flower garden and leaped up the ledge to the sidewalk — fearless of the footsteps that might await them. They enjoyed playing games on the sidewalk because they had plenty of wide-open spaces in which to run and jump, and they could enjoy the beautiful blue sky above. If Mahopper or Pahopper would catch them, they would yell, "Come back to the garden children where it is safe to play." Hugee, Mugee and Tuee would return home, always to remember the happy times in the wide-open spaces.

As the days of summer passed, the children grew, and their home became crowded. The family no longer could hide under the petunia leaf for protection from the rain. They now ate under the marigold tree and slept on the soft fern branches which covered the ground. The children made new friends with the tiny black crickets and the colorful ladybugs. Playing together passed the days in the flower bed.

One day Hugee, the largest and bravest of them all, was curious and decided to go for a hop to investigate his surroundings. Mahopper and Pahopper were busy tidying up their home and failed to notice that Hugee had disappeared. When night came and Mugee and Tuee were ready to be tucked in bed, Mahopper said, "Muggee and Tuee, where is Hugee?" The children replied, "Hugee went for a hop today while we were playing hide and seek with the crickets." Filled with much concern, Mahopper and Pahopper quickly left the flower garden in search of their little child. They screeched loudly but Hugee did not answer. They sadly returned to their home.

Days passed but Mahopper and Pahopper searched in vain for their little lost child. The ants were worried, the crickets frightened. "What if Hugee has been trampled?" they said. Mugee and Tuee began to sob as they pondered their poor little brother. "Why did he

leave us?" they sobbed. Mahopper and Pahopper searched daily for their poor lost child but to no avail.

Far out across the yard from the flower garden lay a large grain field to which the poor little grasshopper had roamed. Hugee had wandered so far away that he did not know his way back home. He was frightened, scared, hungry and lonely. Family security had vanished — life had changed dramatically. He now searched for his own food, made his own bed and lived his life alone until he made new friends with the small creatures of the open field — the stink bugs. A bean leaf now served as his bed. A green velvet leaf weed protected him from the rain. Life was very difficult for poor little Hugee. He missed playing with his brothers very much. Nights were lonely without the hugs and kisses from Ma and Pa Hopper. He longed to hear the sweet voice of the girl as she picked the beautiful flowers and to smell the fragrant aroma of his old home.

Little Hugee's life was filled with long days but longer nights. Very soon autumn came and Hugee's green roofed home turned to yellow. Then one day his home collapsed and fell on top of him. As he wiggled from under the dried leaf, he noticed how his surroundings had changed. Now he could see the beautiful blue sky above and remembered that it looked the same as when he and his brothers had played together on the sidewalk. The big bean trees had lost their leaves, and only the trunks remained. He and his stink bug friends played on the fallen crisp leaves, but they suffered from the heat of the sun. Poor little Hugee longed for the shelter and shade of the beautiful petunias, marigold trees and fern branches of the flower garden — his old home.

The time had come, harvest was near. The cutting, threshing, separation of the beans from the bean stalk was about to begin. Soon the monstrous combine machines would be ready to roll. As the sickles on the combine would cut off the bean stalks, the ripened beans on the tough and woody trunks would enter the dark and treacherous journey through the gigantic machine. Little hope remained for the nervously clinging insects that would dare to enter.

One day as the friends of the field were playing, they heard a strange noise in the distance. At first it was a humming sound but grew louder and louder inching closer and closer. The roar was deafening as the friends nervously listened. They scampered about looking for shelter. Little Hugee hopped to the top of the bean tree hoping to escape the frightful roar. The big red machine which Hugee could see in the distance came closer and closer. "Help me, help me, help me!" he cried. But no one heard his painful cries. As he watched, perched atop the bean tree, his heart pounded furiously, his whole body shook with fear. The end was in sight for poor little Hugee. The red machine came closer very slowly, cutting and chewing everything in its path, and was about to devour poor little Hugee and his friends. Hugee shook and began to screech loudly, even louder than before, "Eeeeeek, eeeeeeeek." Again no one heard him. The sickle on the red machine scissored and the bean tree was cut off and fell into the mouth of the gigantic monster. Poor Hugee was doomed. He grasped tighter and tighter to the bean tree, tumbling and turning with it as it was eaten by the huge machine. As the large rollers forced the trees into its mouth, the surroundings darkened and Hugee held on for dear life and flipped and flopped from side to side.

The noise was deafening and Hugee found himself lying in the darkness, clinging only to his own body as the bean trees were shattered and crunched to small bits of straw. The motors churned, the threshers turned, the shakers shook. Hugee faced the ultimate powers of the red machine. Death had to be the final consequence.

Suddenly, lifted by the spinning augers, Hugee found himself scampering for footage amongst the tiny round and polished beans. Darkness had turned to dimmed light. The deafening noise was dimming in the open air. Finally after much hard work, Hugee reached the top of the bean pile and stood up nervously looking around trying to decide just where he was. He could see the beautiful blue sky which he recognized from his past experiences, but everything else was unfamiliar. He excitedly turned in all directions hoping to at least get a glimpse of something that he could recognize. He again began to screech, "Eeeeeeeek, eeeeeeeeeek." Maybe his mother or father would hear him — this seemed hopeless.

All at once poor little Hugee began to lose footing and sank quickly into the rolling beans, and he was completely engulfed in darkness once more. Unbeknown to him, he was being moved from one holding bin to a larger one. As he was tossed about, he again became very frightened and sobbed loudly. Then all at once daylight reappeared and he found himself furiously trying to reach the peak of another mountain of beans. He was in what seemed to be a large wooden box on wheels. The gigantic red machine pulled away. The large wooden box slowly began to move. Hugee was sitting on top of his world but heading to a destination he knew not of.

The free and bumpy ride in the grain truck was a very short trip, after which Hugee sensed a chance to escape. The truck came to a halt. Hugee extended his legs and made the biggest leap of his life. After sailing smoothly through the air, he landed quickly and quietly on the soft green grass below. Shocked by the feel of the grass, he began to hop in the direction of the wind, hoping to find a friend who could help him. He hopped and hopped resting momentarily to catch his breath. Suddenly he faintly heard in the distance a familiar sweet sounding voice. Little Hugee recognized it as the voice of the girl, who had come to their flower bed to pick flowers for her mother.

While he continued to listen to the sweet voice in the distance, Hugee hopped even faster. His heart pounded rapidly his feelers twitching nervously as he thought about his long lost family and friends in the flower bed. "Will they remember me?" Hugee asked himself. "Will they welcome me back home?" Hugee became very worried. He loved his family and friends and wanted very much to be loved by them.

All at once he leaped and landed on the old familiar sidewalk that ran passed the petunia plants and marigold trees. The strong aroma of the marigolds lead Hugee in the right direction. The closer he got, the faster he hopped. The delightful sweet voice could still be heard — Hugee was almost home. This time he was especially careful to stay away from the feet of the beautiful girl. He was too close to home and had survived too many life threatening incidents to now be trampled by the sweet maiden.

As she finished gathering her fragrant smelling bouquet and walked away, he cautiously approached the edge of the sidewalk. Peering into the flower bed, he caught a glimpse of Mugee and Tuee playing under the marigold tree, chattering and scampering as they had done on the dreadful day of his escape. He approached his brothers slowly, not

knowing if they would recognize him. "Mugee" said Tuee, "Look, look, look!" They jumped with excitement and shouted with glee. The whole neighborhood in the flower bed knew something very exciting was taking place. The tiny ants, the black chirping crickets and illuminous fire flies came out of the forest of flower stems and blooming petals and looked at Hugee. Mahopper and Pahopper heard the commotion and they too raced out to the clearing in the marigold trees. Their long lost son had returned home. They rushed to him, hugged and kissed him, and shrieked songs of love to him.

Hugee's worries were over. He had found his way home and had been welcomed back by all his family and friends — they had not forgotten him.

Mahopper planned a party, and all the friends of the flower garden were invited. The banner that floated above the flowers and ferns in the breeze exclaimed "Welcome home. Welcome home!" The petunia petals, marigold trees and fern branches were tidied for the affair. The Hopper home was adorned for the happy and exciting event. The festivities were ready to begin. The long lost son had returned home never to roam again.

Karen Lambert

Silence

The space between words
The pause between thoughts

— Silence

or is Silence the communication
and words and thoughts merely the pauses?

Christopher Helton

Hidden Eyes

Sometimes I wish I could share with you the things that you have seen.
I want to take your pain that has been a trifle mean.
I want to share the moon with you and not the sun so fast.
I want to destroy your sorrow and aggressions from the past.
I want to take your smiles with me and put them in a drawer.
I want to journey with you to our love's own core.
My only problem is when I look at you, your eyes are covered with black.
Because the emotional screens are dark, the love will always lack.
Turn the projector on so we can share our love together.
But the task to the switch is like the changing of the weather.
And the things that I will forever despise,
Is that you will always have hidden eyes.

Dena Rose

The Sea

The sea dissolves the solid depth of land;
Its acrid salt will scorch the mellow earth.
The sea surrounds; it molds the lonely girth
Of shores so longing for fraternal sand.
Eternal ocean does not understand
The everlasting dessicative dearth
That grips the island from its lonesome birth.
A seagirt cay in solitude I stand;
The sea of followers surrounds my heart,
Preventing me from finding one akin.
Oh endless ocean, separating sea!
As life erodes I search — I am apart.
I find a grain of sand and hope again
To touch a shore before the grain is me.

Mary Pinder

Looking Over My Shoulder

Looking over my shoulder
through the mist on the path of the past,
I see times that we shared together.
Times where no shadows were cast.
Holding each other's hand,
we would walk for what seemed like miles.
Telling each other our secrets,
Watching each other smile.
Those times ended so very long ago
and now we've grown apart,
but I'll never forget our special moments.
The memories linger in my heart.

Cheri Brunk

LETTERS TO THE FUTURE: OUR CHILDREN

To My Dear Niece or Nephew

To my dear niece or nephew:

You must be very surprised at seeing the date on this letter. As you probably know by now, when your Aunt Jody writes letters it is usually because they are long-owed. But May 30, 1988? You're not even due to arrive until late November! I don't know as I write this if you arrived on time or even if you are "he" or "she." Such uncertainties don't matter though. I *do* know that I love you very much. I care about the kind of life that you are living as you read this and the kind you will live in your future. Your future is, in fact, at the heart of this letter. Let me explain.

As I write this, I am involved in a faculty workshop on ancient Greece. The participants have been asked, after reading the *Iliad* by Homer, to write a letter, poem or story in which we state whether or not we believe that war is inevitable. Let me give you the short answer first: I *don't* believe that war is inevitable. I can't believe it! But if you have studied history to any extent yet and have read about the great number of wars that have occurred and the lives that have been lost you may very well be questioning my wisdom in making such a claim. So I want to tell you why I feel as I do.

First of all, war is a human creation. Knowing your parents like I do, I'm sure they are raising you to have faith in God as a guiding force in your life and in the world. Always remember though that you, as well as every other citizen of the world, have control over your own actions. Every war that has ever been fought has resulted from human causes. Sometimes pride has been the motivating factor, sometimes greed, sometimes cruelty. Whatever the specific cause, it has always been a human one. The history of war stands as a testimony to mankind's refusal to control these elements of human nature.

You'll notice that I say *refusal* and not *inability*. Wars don't arise because human can't prevent them but because they don't. Just as humans create, they can also refuse to create. Once they create, they have the power to control their creations. At the time I am writing this letter, there are those who believe that computers, human creations, are running the world. To an extent, these people have a good point to make. Sometimes computers are used strictly to save time, without regard to the need for personal contact. Sometimes, because computers lack minds, mix-ups and blunders result, some merely humorous and some quite serious. And sometimes human reliance on computers results in deterioration of self-reliance. Often it seems that tasks are computerized simply because we have the ability to do it. But despite all this, the fact remains that computers don't control us. They only act as efficiently as we let them. They only affect those aspects of our lives that we allow them to affect. We can always pull the plug. Just as some people forget that *we* control computers, some also lose sight of the fact that the creation and prevention of war are in our hands. Some people say that war is definitely going to occur. It can't be avoided.

Imagine what would happen to the human spirit in light of such a belief, especially at a time when nuclear war is possible. If a young person believes that war is definitely going to occur and may very well threaten his or her life, will that person plan for the future with excitement and anticipation or with apathy or even sadness? Will he or she plan a future that is the best it can be or one that is merely adequate? Will that person plan on having a family or be afraid to do so? If war is bound to happen, why plan for the future at all? I ask these questions to help you to understand how disheartening and even dangerous it can be to believe that your future will be cut short by war. On a more global level I would ask this question: If the citizens of the world believe that war is inevitable, will they feel compelled to take steps to prevent it or will they become complacent? I'm afraid that

complacency might be the likely result and this is frightening. Diplomacy would not be valued and who's to say that diplomacy has never prevented war?

I wish I could tell you that, because I don't believe that war is inevitable, it won't happen. When people don't restrain characteristics like greed and pride, unfortunately war is often the result. All I can say is that you must not contribute to the likelihood of war by believing that it is bound to happen. You must be forward-thinking in the name of peace and your own future. You must pay attention to what is happening in the world beyond your neighborhood. Don't isolate yourself. You are part of a community that includes every citizen on earth. Learn about issues that deal with the prevention of war and make your voice heard by your vote. Remember that you are a creator, with responsibility for what you create. You matter as much as any person ever born has mattered. Plan a life that is the best it can be for yourself, your children and those around you. You will then give us all reason to hope.

Love,

Jody Taylor

A Letter to Joseph

Dear Joe,

It seems odd, now that I think of it, but you and I have never discussed war. We, as a family, have never really had to come to grips with the issue. We've been very fortunate. There have been a few instances where we've had to cope with the use of force on a personal level, however.

I am reminded of a minor incident that David (your brother) was involved in when we moved to Chauncey. You may recall that fist fights were a common occurrence among adults as well as kids. I suppose the lifestyle of these people, since they are the descendants of coal miners, was to be expected. David, the new boy in town and the son of a teacher, had a rough time of it. Every kid who thought he was pretty tough would push Dave around and Dave would come home crying. Finally, I took him aside and said, "I've never had a fight in my life and I've said that if you can avoid fighting, then do so. But it looks as if you may have to stand your ground."

Sometime later, a boy Dave's age was bullying a smaller child. Finally, Dave became so infuriated, he attacked and drove off the offender. He came home a new man. He was elated. No longer did he have to be humiliated every day after school. Not only that, he had defended someone who could not protect himself.

So, where is all this leading? Am I advocating the use of force in all situations? Not necessarily. I am ambivalent in this. Depending what is at stake, I believe a person and, by extension, a society must take measures which require the use of force under some circumstances. Because of this view, some would brand me a "hawk." Perhaps I am but I don't hear these same people advocating the abolition of all police forces in our communities. We need only to reread the account of what happened when all law enforcement officers went on strike in Toronto. It was utter chaos. People could not go out into the streets safely unless they were armed.

It is true that we are heavily dependent on the essential goodness of the majority of the people in our society. If it were otherwise, we would have to have far greater numbers of police officers and prisons. However, there is that small percentage in any human society that would, in James Michener's words, "sell their own mothers if it profited them." He

made this comment in reference to those members of the Hungarian secret police who had so badly treated their countrymen prior to the revolt in Budapest in 1956.

But what about war? The results of an all-out war between nations are incomparably more devastating than any police action. The horror and the brutalization of everyone involved can never be really justified. Obviously, this hasn't deterred people from waging war.

I missed involvement in the Korean War by just a few years. I had a college draft deferment which protected me from being called until 1953 when the so-called "police action" ended. In 1954, I volunteered for the draft and spent two years in the Army to satisfy President Eisenhower's UMT (university military training) law. The belief, then as now, was that the maintenance of a large fighting force was the only sure way to insure world peace. (What was it Teddy Roosevelt is supposed to have said? "Speak softly but carry a big stick?") And then, of course, there was the ultimate "big stick," the hydrogen bomb.

When hostilities started in Vietnam, there was a large population of men younger than me. They were drafted to fight the "grassfire war". You've probably had opportunities to talk to some of the Vietnam veterans. More likely than not, you've found that they don't care to recall that part of their lives.

Not long ago, I was talking to a friend who was an infantryman in World War II in Europe. He said that until just a few years ago, he couldn't bring himself to talk about it.

We have overwhelming examples of the fruits of war all around the world almost every day in the news. And yet, we continue to slaughter our brothers and sisters. Why? I've agonized over this for a long time and have come to the conclusion that aggressors, initially, cannot see themselves perishing. The leaders are far from the conflict. The combatants are young and seem to have an "illusion of immortality." (I once heard an army colonel say, "Give me a battalion of 18 year olds and I can march them into the jaws of Hell.")

So often, invading forces are led to believe that they are so superior that they will win easily in a short time. We read this in "The Iliad of Homer," in accounts of the opening battles in the U.S. Civil War and in many other stories of armed conflicts. Further, soldiers are never told that "the enemy" is likely to be a warm, loving human being who is very much like themselves. They are never told that the bombs they drop will rip apart women and children like those in their own families. Or that the fires that they start will destroy, in a day, homes and buildings that have taken the labors of good people many years to put together. The defenders, on the other hand, must weigh their chances for personal survival against their determination to maintain their national integrity.

Should we follow Ghandi's model of peaceful resistance and Jesus's counsel to "turn the other cheek?" Or is it "better to be dead than Red?" As you may have guessed, I don't have a pat answer. Very seldom, in real life, are the issues clear cut. Many are saying that today national integrity is no longer the most important issue. Survival of the entire human race takes precedence. The specter of total annihilation can no longer be ignored.

It is not the prospect that we all must eventually die that is so troubling. I would venture to say that in every person there is an innate desire for a sort of immortality that we perceive through the lives of our children. Men and women from time immemorial have gone to their deaths for the sake of their children. Moreover, our survival as a species has, through the ages, depended on our loving and nurturing our young. Thus, there is no prospect more inimical to our basic instincts than all-out nuclear war. War is the very antithesis of love.

So, Joe, as my time left on earth grows shorter, I ponder about what sort of legacy I have left you. Have I made this a better world for you and your children? It's difficult for me to see that I have. I'm living out my life in much the same way that our forefathers did, striving for a little love and serenity and praying that there is a place for me in God's Heaven.

In a way, it's ironic that two years ago we stayed in the homes of the same Germans who, we were told in the 40's, were to be bombed and killed. These loving, gentle people could not have been more hospitable. Shortly, we will be going to Japan to visit friends and I'm sure we'll find the same expression of love and affection.

This sort of experience then begs the question: what was World War II all about? What are all the wars about? I can only think, "Dear God, what is wrong with us? Do we truly bear the mark of Cain?"

How can I cope with this? I don't know. Does anybody?

I must close this letter and I pray, dear Joseph, that you and yours will be spared the agonies of war and that intelligent people around the world will come together and resolve their differences peacefully. God bless you, my son.

Love,
Dad

David Chesak

Dear Mike

Dear Mike,

I have often sat in the family room, looking out the window, watching you play. It is at times such as those that I am most struck by the differences between you and me. You never stop. You run around. You scream with delight, and cry in pain. You are loud and boisterous, sometimes arrogant, stubborn, and simply contrary. You defy authority. You seem to think you can take on the whole world.

Perhaps what I am seeing is nothing more than the boundless energy and seeming naiveté of youth. But I doubt it. It seems to me that what I am seeing is a basic approach to life. Of all the neighborhood kids, you are the one who always seems to be out in front.

You approach everything with an abandon, a self-assurance, a confidence, and a fierce independence that I never had. I always approached everything with a timidity, a trepidation, a pessimism that resulted in a virtual paralysis. I was always so afraid that I would offend someone, make a mistake, or show a weakness, that I was never able to relax and simply enjoy life. But you! You think nothing of showing the full range of your emotions, from laughing to crying, from happiness to anger, from bluster to fear. It is these qualities of openness, courage, and independence — a zest for life — that I so admire in you. They are qualities that I always wished I had had.

But what I don't see in you, Michael, is tenderness, thoughtfulness, and care for others. Maybe you will develop these with time. I can only hope. Maybe your assurance and independence preclude such softer qualities. If so I can only hope that the softer qualities will eventually temper the harder ones; that you will ultimately achieve a balance between the two.

The world, Michael, is a hard place. The beast in people, as a great philosopher once said, lies just beneath the thin veneer of civilization, always ready to break out any moment. The tragedy of Lori Dann is a good example of this. People, as Mark Twain put it, can be awfully cruel to one another. There have always been wars and so, if history is any guide, there will always be wars. And it is now possible for much of the world to be destroyed in a matter of minutes. Some even say that all life could be destroyed, although others dispute this and argue that even if the worst happens, some form of life will go on. But the simple fact of the matter is that there is nothing *you* can do about any of this, other than to prepare yourself for the worst and hope for the best. The question is, How do you do this?

Your approach to life, Michael, is the correct one. In spite, or better, *because*, of all of its dangers, pitfalls, uncertainties, and traps life should be approached with zest. It should

be lived to the fullest. This does not mean to ignore others. On the contrary, if it is *in your power* to help others, then you should help. But you need not carry the burden of the world on your shoulders. That way lies madness. While you should not hurt others, do not be afraid to have fun. Actually, I think it takes a certain amount of courage to have fun. People say, look at all the evils in the world today: the threat of nuclear destruction; the massive starvation in Africa; senseless murders, etc., etc. It is unseemly, in fact obscene, people imply, to enjoy yourself in such a world. No one should be happy when so many are so sad. But suffering for its own sake, Michael, is of no value. As Winston Churchill once said when criticized for drinking vodka during the Second World War, if not drinking vodka would shorten the war by just a single day, he would abstain. But one had nothing to do with the other and, he continued, since he liked vodka, not drinking it would only reduce his pleasure without benefitting anyone at all. People deride this by labelling it as hedonism. Perhaps they are right. But if so, today's world is in desperate need of a healthy dose of hedonism. So, Michael, whatever else you may do, never lose that zest for life. Never let anyone make you feel guilty for enjoying yourself. I am painfully aware that this is *not* the way I lived my life. I was always afraid to let go, to actually live life. All I can say is, do as I say, not as I do. If I had my life to live over again, I would try to be more like you.

There is an old prayer that goes something like this: Lord, grant me the strength to change what can be changed, the fortitude to endure what I cannot change, and the wisdom to tell the difference. The simple fact of the matter is that very few of us are in any position to change very much in the world. There is very little any of us can do to alter the possibility of war, to affect the crime rate, to reduce the possibility of famine in Africa, to eliminate the sin of racism. The most we can do is to take care of our own little part of the world. Once we've done that we've really done all that we can do. Once we've done that we have no reason to feel guilty about the remaining evils. Nor do we have any reason not to enjoy ourselves. Life is short and uncertain. We should enjoy the time we are here, not wring our hands over things we are not in any position to change.

I am not saying that such things cannot be changed. I am only saying that few of us are in any position to change them. In fact, I think that we spend far too much time dwelling on the evils of the world and ignore the growing list of achievements. Life is probably less precarious today than at any time in history. In many parts of the world life expectancy has increased by two or even three decades just during the twentieth century. Many scientists are now speaking of average life expectancies of 100 years or more by the year 2000. Infant mortality rates are down in every part of the world. And the declines are drastic. Many diseases that have ravaged the world throughout history have been contained; some, like small pox, have been eliminated altogether. You know the charcoal sketches of mom's ancestors hanging on the wall in the family room. They were done in the 1890s. This is just a short time ago, in terms of history. The little boy in the picture was your age or even younger. Shortly after the sketches were done, an epidemic swept through Wisconsin and not only that boy but 12 of the 15 children died, six of them in just one week. And to think that this was one of the more advanced parts of the world. Things like this no longer happen, except in the so-called backward world, and even there it is happening less and less often. As for myself, as short as my life may have been, the fact is that I would have died before the age of 12 if it hadn't been for the discovery of insulin in the 1920s. And I would have been blind by the time I was thirty, and never have had the joy of laying my eyes on you, or Sarah, if it hadn't been for other scientific breakthroughs. And, there have been other significant advances too numerous to mention. The evidence seems to indicate that rather than running out of resources and energy, they are becoming ever more abundant. And in farming, the evidence, I think, clearly shows that food production is increasing more rapidly than population. And many scientists believe that we are now on the threshold of a major agricultural breakthrough — biotechnology — which will increase food production several fold. If these things are right, then at least one of history's major causes of war will be all but eliminated. So, as I look at the world, there is much to be grateful for.

But these advances, and they are astounding, go largely unnoticed. But the interesting thing about them, Michael, is that, like the evils, they are *for all practical purposes*

beyond our control. They have an inevitability to them. True, the scientific advances must originate in the minds of individuals, but the vast majority of the world, though reaping the benefits, are simply in no position to contribute to, or affect the course of, these advances. So, about all any of us can do is to take care of our own little corner of the world. Beyond that, we should simply sit back and enjoy ourselves.

Finally, I want to return for a moment to the matter of courage. Too many people think of courage as doing great deeds in battle, or foiling a bank robber, or stopping a rapist. And these may take courage. But true courage lies in doing what you think is right regardless of the consequences. It may well take more courage not to fight, to walk away from a fight, than to join the fray. It takes a great deal of courage to refuse to give in to public opinion, to adopt the unpopular position; to take an unpopular stand. The irony is, it may well take a great deal more courage to put yourself in a position where you refuse to fight and are therefore thought to be a coward than to allow yourself to be maneuvered into joining the fray and are therefore looked upon as brave. Looks, as they say, can be deceiving. I always felt that, if drafted, I would be too much the coward to refuse. And this, to bring a long letter to an end, is the main difference between you and me. I was always the person afraid to go out on a limb, to stand my ground, to be out in front. I would seek safety in anonymity, in being a member of the crowd, in maintaining a low profile. But you, Mike, are invariably out in front. You speak your mind regardless of the consequences. As your father I often find this infuriating and your behavior impossible. You know this, I am sure, from the yelling and punishment I have put you through because of it. But what I have never told you is that I also find it admirable, and I hope you never lose that quality. As Polonius, a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* said, "To thine own self be true." This, I think, is the real meaning of courage. And while I was "myself" so seldom that, I doubt I would even be able to recognize my true self if I saw it in the mirror, in the few short years of your life, I have never known you to be anything other than yourself. I hope that that part of you never changes. I am confident, Mike, that it won't. Don't let me down.

Love,
Dad

David Osterfeld

The Bequest

To my Dear Children, I leave you these thoughts on war and life . . .

As you read *The Iliad*, with its graphic description of gory battles, heroic acts, bravery and tragic deaths, consider this: Achilles' war was not played out on the bloody plains of Troy, but it was rather a battle waged within himself. It was his inward struggle between satisfying his injured pride and honoring his commitment to his friends and allies that was the main focus of the epic. His refusal to join the battle brought on the gruesome loss of many lives, including that of Patroklos, his dearest friend and companion. It was that death that spurred Achilles into the fighting, but he found that avenging the death by killing Hector and degrading the body did not bring him solace or the return of his companion.

Though Homer's portrayal of war is certainly dreadful, do not live your lives in daily fear of impending doom. Many contend that war is inevitable, but instead of dwelling on that possibility, I want you to concentrate on the choices you have within yourself as you

live your daily lives. The outcomes of the battles you wage within your consciousness may not be as bloody as Homer's battlefields, but they have the potential to be just as destructive if you make the wrong decisions.

In your lifetimes, you may not be directly confronted with decisions concerning wars between the super powers of the world, but you will constantly be making judgements which will govern your behavior. Do not be like Achilles, whose wounded pride lead to the vast destruction of his allies. Think first of how your actions might affect others, before you act. Grieving or wishing that you had followed a different course of action can never erase an injustice done to another. Saying "I'm sorry," can never undo the wrong that you've done to a friend. Live your lives with a deep commitment to treating others fairly and kindly, always considering their feelings. Your friends are like precious gifts, not to be treated as possessions which may be used and cast aside, but to be valued as privileges which may be lost. Do not criticize others in an effort to make yourself look better. Be compassionate, loving, and loyal to your friends.

Though the qualities I've listed are quite admirable, they are not always easy to exemplify. Herein lies the war that you must wage daily within your own consciousness. There will be times when you feel that you have been treated wrongly and that you must fight back. Resist the urge to pout as Achilles did or hurt those who hurt you. Remember Homer's graphic descriptions of death and shrink away from all forms of violence as solutions to your problems. Try to calm your anger and discuss your feelings with your family or those who treated you badly. Try to work out a compromise, if possible, or if all else fails, just walk away. As shown in *The Iliad*, violence is not a solution which brings enduring satisfaction.

You might think that with all my talking of compromise and the consideration of others' feelings that I am advocating that you abandon your commitments to what you think is RIGHT. It is certainly not my intent to undermine the moral and ethical values that your father and I have tried to instill within you. I expect you to stand firmly on these as the foundation upon which you fight your inner battles. If others try to convince you that WRONG is RIGHT, be sure to fight off the temptation and decide in favor of what you know is RIGHT, even if the other alternative sounds like more fun. You will never lose true friends by standing on the side of your moral convictions.

Before long you will go to college and enter the adult world of family and job commitments. Your sphere of influence will grow with you and it will become even more important for you to wage your inner wars and make decisions on the side of what is really fair and morally RIGHT. There will be many special interest groups and political parties vying for your support and your vote. You must educate yourself on the issues and weigh the evidence carefully, not allowing greed (like trophies of the Trojan War) or foolish pride to influence your decisions.

My children, as you live your lives, remember *The Iliad*, not as a glorification of war, but as a testament to the daily wars you must engage in within yourself between RIGHT and WRONG. Try to make the RIGHT choices and live full and happy lives.

All My Love,
Mom

Margery McIlwain

The Final Minute

Beads of sweat were trickling down my face. My head was pounding from exhaustion. Every muscle in my body was tensed and ready to work for me a little harder. The referee handed me the basketball. All eyes were on me as I stood poised at the free throw line. One bounce, bend the knees, shoot the ball. That was my style. I shot the ball as my team watched and prayed. SWOOSH! Now the teams were tied with one minute left to go. I had one more free throw to take. I wiped my forehead with my shirt to keep the sweat from dripping into my eyes. I was tired, but I had to concentrate. Again the ball was handed to me. I could almost taste the silence as everyone stared. Suddenly the crowd began to roar trying to get me psyched. One bounce, bend the knees, shoot the ball. It rolled off my fingertips a little too much to the right. I cursed as I missed the shot. Skillfully a teammate retrieved the ball and shot for two points. The tension was mounting. My tired body was screaming out to me in excitement.

I raced down the court prepared to use my best defensive skills. The other team was in a hurry to shoot in order to tie up the score. One pass was made and then a frantic shot. "Get the rebound," I kept thinking. Instead the opposing team got the ball and made the next shot. I cursed my lack of ability to block the shot. My team then brought the ball down, anxious to shoot. I panicked when I heard someone yell that there were only fifteen seconds left. I moved my defender off me and ran the other way. This caught her by surprise, but left me open for a pass. My teammate spotted me and threw me the ball. As excited as I was to shoot, I knew I couldn't make the shot. Instead I drove into the basket and dished the ball off to my low post player who made a beautiful lay-up. Three seconds were left in the game. The other team shot and missed a half-court shot. The game ended in a victory for us. My body was aching, but I was ecstatic.

Maureen Gemperle

Jealousy

Jealousy,
A sour lemon
A bitter taste
It haunts you
Reoccurring, until you learn
To control your emotions.
Mind over matter —
That's all it takes.
Forget the girl
Who's been eying your guy.
Forget the girl next door
Whose looks could kill —
Who should be modeling instead of studying.
Forget the one person
Who always gets a higher score than you
On every single test.
It's just part of life —
Jealousy.

Mixed Feelings

Gretchen M. Siegel

A dozen red roses
were given to me,
Not once but twice
by a good friend of mine.
He said that he loved me.
I believed like a fool.
Was I to believe
each rose was a sign?
For when I picked the petals
they said he loved me —
But when he kissed me
they wilted away.
Oh dozens of roses,
don't lie to me now —
Show me he loves me.
Just give me a sign.

Gretchen M. Siegel

A Letter to My Father

Dad,

Last summer Todd, Kevin, and I were in the kitchen waiting for our pizza to be delivered, when you walked in and introduced a joke, as usual. After the joke, you asked us what our plans were for the evening, and our reply was normally a joke in response, "I don't know, but even if we did know why would we tell you, old man." Then, like always, we were expecting to cry out in laughter after a hilarious response you would return to us. This time was different though because Todd happened to mention the fact that we were going to climb the water tower that night. You were not in favor of the idea because it was dangerous to climb a three hundred foot tower at any time of the day, let alone night; more over, it was illegal for trespassing. So you gave us a lecture that you thought was convincing because we said we would not climb it, but we did anyway. Another thing you also said is that we were extremely weird for wanting to climb a water tower of all things. And you asked why we could not find something to do like other guys our age.

Well, Dad, I want to explain to you why we had an obsession to climb this water tower. Ever since Todd and I were little, we have watched the high school boys down the street climb that thing and spray paint all over it. But when we got to be their age, we wanted to climb it just to see what it was like up there. So one night Todd and I did, and it is great up there because no one could see us and there is a spectacular sight of Indianapolis and our village. At the very top it is flat enough that one can fall asleep and have an enjoyable night of sleep as well. The breeze up there is strong and relaxing, and we sat up there for hours before coming down. We climbed it about three or four more times before we got Kevin to go up with us. Then it became a tradition that was exciting, fun, and peaceful, and it became our water tower. We never vandalized it because we did not want anyone to know we were climbing it since it had become a special place that was locked into our memories.

Please, Dad, do not think of us as being weird, like Nancy, our neighbor. Now she is weird, not for dressing up strange, as you have noticed, but by acting ignorant for refusing to do well in school and giving her parents hell to deal with. Now that I cannot understand. There is no reason for being a rebel towards life as she is. It is all right if she turns her hair orange, wears odd clothing, and puts an earring through her nose, but to be so negative towards life is out of the question. The thing that bothers me most about her is that she was an attractive, sensitive, and a humorous girl that went to hell and back. Please believe me, Dad, when I tell you that I am not going to hell. I just like climbing that water tower with my dearest friends. Besides it's tradition now.

Love,
Logan

Logan DesAutels

Eric, He was My Friend

(Eric Nebe — died 7-22-88)

I read in the paper today
That a friend of mine died yesterday.
Car crash.
I can't really describe how I feel.
Shocked, I guess.
He never was the outstanding student.
Everyone was surprised if he did his homework,
But still, he was my friend.
I was never close enough to call him up and say,
"Hi, buddy!"
But he always made me laugh.
He had my respect,
And I had his.
I'll never forget him.
Never.
Because he was my friend.

Francine Armenth

Wild

Out of control
Bouncing off the walls
Happy go lucky —
In a crowd or alone.
Outrageously fun —
Loud and obnoxious
Just let it all out!
Some look at you funny,
Others call you crazy —
But you're just out to have fun!

Gretchen M. Siegel

Little Boy Blew

Oppenheimer births a little boy — "Little Boy" by name
Manhattan project put to works as product carried
with the birds over to the "bad lands".
Enola Gay flies over water, endless ocean nought.
It has a goal to reach and perform it dutywise.
Uranium child drops from lever's grip
and falls tumult and piercing clouds.
Happy! Jolly! Rolling down to unmarked target.
Devastation is your destiny,
atom-splitting density.
Fall to city, city low, city on an island
to unsuspecting people following through routines.
Another rising sun appears but passes
breathy kisses through Hiroshima's downtown.
Shockwave splits the world apart
at least for island's millions.
Sister Nagasaki takes her next dance with a "Fat Man."

Michael Sheehan

written while listening to the sugarcubes

i can smell the woman
she smells of sweat cigarettes & cheap whiskey
but she wails like a banshee
wails like a banshee but to the world silent
she scratches at her face
drawing dirty red blood drops on the sidewalk pools of blood
wails like a banshee but no one listens
keep walking by tom don't encourage
cars honk taxi cabs screech by no one looks
the world ignores the woman
smells of cigarettes & past mistakes
nothing anymore down the drain flushed into the sewers
one is no longer one
just like ants flick them away kill them all &
keep them from having children
a spark a flash of light of life ignored on the city street
let the music flow wall of sound crashes down
the woman howls wails like a banshee
the music clicks in mind images hook to words
creation so hard to explain in words
it seems like death does not exist
i pull my coat close against the cold
i look up into the bright sun
but i everything feels so cold
this does not exist this does not exist . . .

Christopher Helton

Autumn

A cool breeze
A crisp smell in the air
Clear blue skies
Rustling corn stalks
The crunch of leaves under foot
Frost on the ground
Pink sunsets
Stars twinkling
The golden harvest moon
Candles flickering in jack-o-lanterns

Janice Andert

Disappearing Castles

For so long
I lived in that castle
High in the sky.

For so long
I played on that rainbow.
I used it as my slide

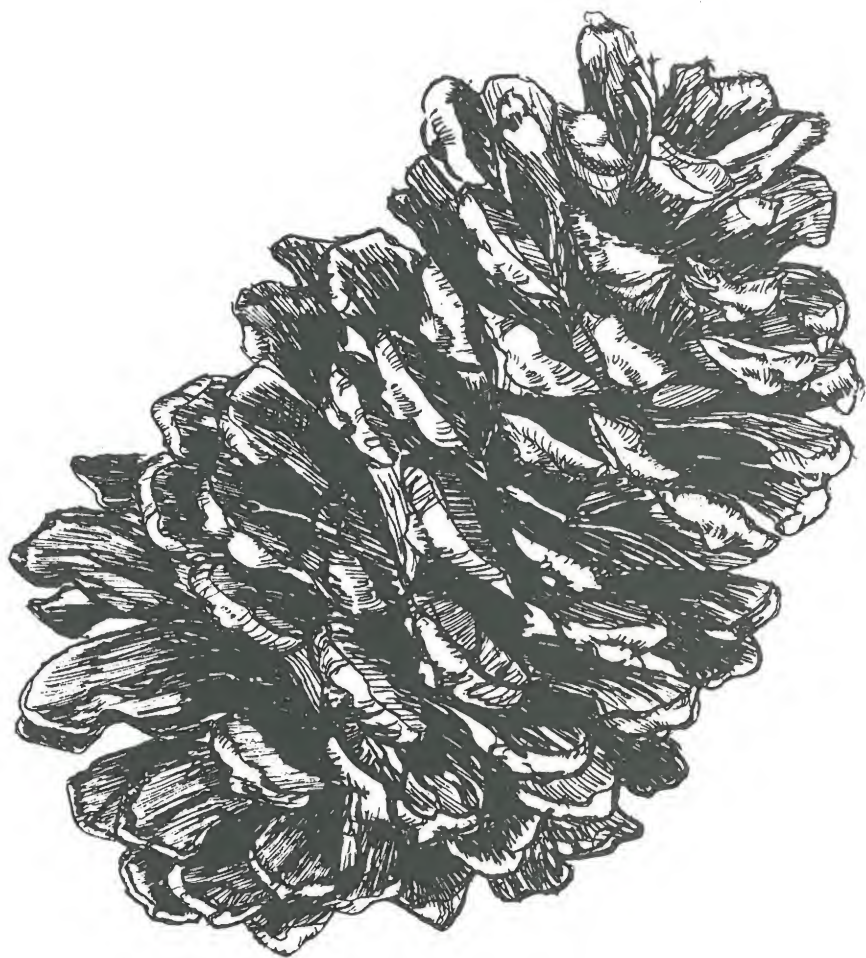
For so long
I played in the ocean of love.
Now it's gone.

That castle has disappeared.

That rainbow has long since faded away.

And my ocean
My beautiful ocean
Gone too,
Gone just like you.

• Gretchen M. Siegel



Kim Kennedy

A Psalm From Prison

- 1 I heard your anger today, Lord, I heard it echoing off of cold cement.
- 2 I saw it behind those bars, God. I saw your fury and sorrow and I reached out in thankfulness, glad that I was on the other side.
- 3 I felt clothed in righteousness as I passed your wayward children as if they were on display for me.
- 4 Their eyes were terrible with contempt, pride, lust, and deceit, and my mind screamed "CRIMINAL!"
- 5 Yet, Lord, I could also see, when I looked closely, shame, love, humility, and truth in those sunken eyes.
- 6 I should have seen you, God, in their eyes just as I see you in the eyes of pastor, priest, and parent.
- 7 We laughed, Lord, we laughed, my classmates and I. Forgive us for we laughed out of nervousness, as we toured the jail.
- 8 Then, forgive them also, Lord, for they would feel the cool touch of your forgiveness as much as we do.
- 9 Lord, I know that you flashed your eyes as we moved, a slow and staring animal, careful to keep our distance.
- 10 I saw your dark, fierce anger in those faces as they sneered at our fear.
- 11 You were listening as they shouted greetings laced with curse words and laughed at us.
- 12 They laughed at *us*, Lord.
- 13 How dared they, Lord, how dared they laugh at us, with our gold crosses on chains around our necks?
- 14 I know you watched and listened to our feelings, and you shook your head at our lack of understanding.
- 15 Sin, sin and crime resounded in those halls, on both sides of the bars.
- 16 Outside, in the sunshine of the righteous, I looked at my classmates.
- 17 We left behind those bars and that cement, but Lord, I should have realized that we had not left behind sin.
- 18 It was not so loud, God, not like the shouting behind the bars.
- 19 It hissed in soft sibilant sounds, Lord, like a serpent.
- 20 In their eyes, the eyes of my friends, I saw contempt, and I was afraid to look in a mirror.
- 21 I asked your forgiveness for your childrn in their cages, Lord, for they need your understanding.
- 22 Now I ask for us, for me, for we need your understanding.
- 23 Please be gracious, God, for we are all of us sinners.
- 24 Give your forgiveness, Lord, to all of us.

Mary Pinder

A Woman's Psalm of Praise

I will look to you, Oh God,
for You have delivered me.
You are the salvation of my sisters,
the counselor to all who come.
I will praise your holy name!

Your goodness is from the origin of time
and will be to everlasting.

But your people are not steadfast, Lord;
they stray from your goodness.

Yet, You are always there,
constant in a world of uncertainty.
I will praise your holy name!

In her sadness and in her need,
Sarah cried out to You, God.
For many years she served You,
and, though advanced in age,

You opened her womb, and gave her a son to
fulfill the covenant You made with Abraham.

Even as Sarah ridiculed the thought,
You blessed her in her old age,
making her the mother of many nations.
Oh, how Sarah praised Your holy name!

Even in our selfish disobedience,
You use and bless us, Oh God.

Rebekah plotted with Jacob,
the son she favored,
to deceive her husband, Isaac,
into bestowing the blessing of inheritance
upon him; a blessing rightfully
belonging to his brother, Esau.

Rebekah helped Jacob escape Esau's wrath,
sending him to her brother, Laban,
in the land of Haran, to look
for a wife among the daughters of Canaan.
So, too, Rebekah became the mother of the nations.
Oh, how Rebekah praised Your holy name!

Rachel was the beloved wife of Jacob,
who toiled fourteen years for her hand.

You heard her cries, Oh God, and blessed her
after many years, that she might conceive,
whose womb had been barren,
and give forth a son to further the kingdom.
Oh, how Rachel praised Your holy name!

Your daughter, Hannah, trusted greatly, God.
Knowing children are a gift from You,
that the fruit of the womb is a reward,
she humbly asked you to bless her,
promising to give her child back to You
to be raised in Your service, to Your glory.

Again, You heeded the cries of Your faithful,
and gave Your servant a son.

She charged the temple priests
with his upbringing,
and You blessed her fidelity,
giving five more children
Oh, how Hannah praised Your holy name!

Deborah, who was wise in Your ways,
a faithful leader and judge among her people,
gave ear to Your guidance, Oh God.
You raised up this mother of Israel,
and delivered to her hand
the mighty Sisera, commander of the enemy.
She extolled Your wondrous deeds, Oh Lord,
the blessed God of Israel.

Oh, how Deborah praised Your holy name!

Oh Lord, the Moabite woman, Ruth,
became your daughter and followed You.

You became her God, and she
traveled to a foreign land
trusting unquestioningly in Your
providential care and protection.
You redeemed her, Oh God, and blessed her faith.
You made her the mother of many nations.
Oh, how Ruth praised Your holy name!

The beautiful queen, Esther, interceded
for her people, Oh God, and You heard her concern.
Her love was great, for You and her kindred,
so that she risked death from the king
to save her nation from the wickedness
of the prime minister, Haman.

You used the beautiful Jewish maid
to protect Your covenant people.
Oh, how Esther praised Your holy name!

The length of my days, I will praise the Lord!
His mercy and steadfastness will lift me up.

I will glory in His promises,
and rest in His mercy.

As He sustained my sisters,
He will sustain me,
for the Lord, my God, loves His people,
and with His righteous will reign forever!
Oh, how I will praise Your holy name!

Darlene Needham

Meditations

Love fills the heart.
Joy fills the soul.
Smile, show what's in your heart.
Laugh, show what's in your soul.

Insecurity is an enemy,
Confidence a flaw.
If this is true,
Where is the median?

To be known by all
who I want to be.
To be loved by all
who come close to me.
Attention and care,
A purpose and a name

—
These things so rare.
It's all just a game.

Sheila Gemperle

The Big Machine

Desperation often forces one into a corner,
From which there is no escape,
To choose between life and death,
Darkness and light,
Voiceless, faceless,
To come before the big machine,
Identified only by a number.

Amy Lynne Ceader

A Letter to Rome from the Provinces

R. Y. 810 (75 A.D.)

From: Escherichia Coli, Chief Inspector, Imperial Department of Engineering

To: Maximus Villi, Chief Engineer and Planner, same.

Dear Max

I have just been in Chersonium for a few days but I feel that I should send you my first report already. This town that you have planned is doing quite well, though not without its own problems. Let me begin from the time I first arrived.

The voyage here was long and very boring. About the time the ship crossed the Bosphorus strait, I began rereading the copy of the Aeneid that I had picked up in Athens. Let me assure you, Aeneias' first vision of Carthage must have been too great for words. After no sight of land for three weeks and inclement weather for just as many, seeing a developing town is a sight I shall never forget.

The harbor for Chersonium is made out of a natural bay. Very little work had to be done to finish the port. A small breakwater and some docks had to be built. From the looks of the buildings, you would never know that the harbor was developed six years ago.

At the dock, I met the magistrate, Marcus Petronius; the city engineer, a small man named Lucius; and a merchant of Spanish descent. The merchant was introduced to me as Javiar Valdez and I was to stay in his residence.

Javiar's house was built on a corner, about a block away from his stores. He is very wealthy, and he knows it! Javiar has an infatuation with amber. It is extremely rare, found only a thousand miles deep into the barbaric north. He hires one of the locals to travel north once a year to get amber for him. Some of his other possessions are Persian rugs (which he actually uses to sleep on), ivory cups and plates from upper Egypt and a solid gold footrest sent from his native Spain. Luckily enough, he is very generous to the city.

Odestrus, second city engineer, is of Greek descent. He was to be my guide throughout my stay here. After dinner, on my first night here, he handed me a copy of a book called *The Satyricon*. You may have seen it in Rome. It described a rich man who goes on a binge of excesses. It reminded me so much of my host, that I found it hard to stop laughing.

The next morning, Marcus, Lucius, Odestrus and I, met to discuss the city's progress. The meeting was held at Marcus's house. Being a practical man, he chose to live in a normal house. It was not elaborate like Javiar's, but it was more of a home than his.

We sat down in the dining room. The room was in the rear of the house for privacy, and we discussed the city's development.

The site of the city was well chosen; I commend you on this. The city takes up a hill at the foot of a mountain overlooking a natural bay, perfect choice, Max! When Marcus and his men first got here, the local population treated them like good hosts. Their villages, Gromulan, Crolan and Tur, were very primitive, and they enjoyed the opportunity to become civilized.

With their help, some work is ahead of schedule and some delays have been minimized. Marcus first noticed that these people had no forges in their possession. So a forge and tools had to be shipped in from Rome. This put off the start of construction by a month and a half.

The aqueduct was an easy task compared to others you have designed. One major change in plans had to be made though. Unlike Italy, the Crimean Peninsula has long win-

ters. A conventional aqueduct would freeze for several months. Lucius designed a solution for this problem. The main tunnel for the water was lowered from four feet deep to six feet deep and a second tunnel was dug below it. The second tunnel is an air vent where hot air is pumped to keep the water from freezing. The added dirt on top of the water tunnel traps in heat better.

With a stable water supply, the workers then began working on the city itself. Several winter barracks for the troops and the workers were finished by first snowfall.

By spring, the number of workers had swollen to nearly two thousand. This included soldiers, professionals from Rome and the provinces, villagers who were not working on farms, and slaves. By midsummer, many houses had been built and the families of the workers had begun to arrive.

The houses have to be more closed than in some cities because of the weather. Many houses have small gardens of a few flowers on their back porches for a touch of beauty. The insides are decorated with painted walls, homemade tapestries and statues and other items of the native craft. The workers from Rome and other parts have learned many of the native arts during the long winters.

That summer, several streets and a few roads were also built. The materials — sand, clay and stone — are abundant in nearby deposits and easily obtained. One road was made from town to the harbor. Another was made from the town to the river a mile to the west. Lumber from the forests to the north is floated down river to save time, money and valuable resources.

The Forum was completed last year. After our meeting, we went for a walk to see the legislature in action. When we got to the Forum we saw a crowd outside laughing periodically. Lucius informed me that Antonius Frigga was speaking. He had read Cicero's orations too many times and began to think that everyone was a traitor to the city. We later found out that he was leading an effort to banish a man from the city for the offense of leaving home and forgetting to turn off the faucet to his pool.

Since its beginning Chersonium has grown quite rapidly. Its current population is about 8,000 people. Your design, after modifications, will probably hold 32,000 people plus another 4,000 to 6,000 people outside the city (at the part, along the river, farmers etc.)

The marketplaces are the main roads, usually close to city gates. There are many places to buy food, tools, clothes, jewelry and other items. There are barbers, restaurants, carpenters and blacksmiths. Anything you need can be found along one of the two main roads.

A traveler to Chersonium can stay in one of several apartment blocks. They are usually three stories high and along the north gate (to break the wind from the north). All other houses are two stories or only one story to let the sun shine on the streets and other houses. In the summer, streets are cleaned once a day. At a certain time, water from the aquaduct is diverted into the street. The garbage and sewage is washed into the city sewers and into the sea. Sewage is dumped into the sea about a half mile downstream of the port to keep the harbor clean.

Well, as I am due soon to observe construction of the new amphiatre, I must bid you farewell for now. Good luck on your next project.

Escherichia

Rich Pesekno

Teen Life

Is anything real?
Is anything important?
A meaningless deal;
So confusing,
So binding,
So . . .
 Essential.

Sheila Gemperle

Growing Up

Darkness descends and the wind crawls,
 Stirring the dust of fallow fields
 Around my winged heels . . .

Night clouds crowd lunar radiance,
 Distracting the light that softens
 The loneliness that darkens . . .

The rain reveals those subtle tones
 Causing my colors to run
 Before they set in the sun . . .

... Growing up

Crying

Mary Pinder

I lie in the darkness
crying, crying, crying.
My heart is filled with pain.
He has left me
crying, crying.
I have no one now.
I cry.

Sheila Gemperle

Sunbathing

Bathing in the sun
Soaking up the rays,
If you think it's fun
Try it for days!
You'll feel a sensation
That each body part
Has melting as its destination.

Maureen Gemperle

Girl on the Beach

Girl in string bikini, you lie upon the beach
much like a baby wale stranded
dry, pale, and shriveled
dusted in white sand
crowned in greenish seaweed glory
sickly thin appendages and tail forked or severed.
This sight recalls the image of a sea lion
upon rocks
that a lone sailor mistakes
for a mermaid.
But preying birds circle over like impending doom.
There is nothing left for me to do
but save you
and push you out to sea.

Michael Sheehan

The Promise

She sits on the edge of the jerkwater town,
Waiting for someone.
Someone who will never come.

She sits atop a chair with red peeling paint,
In her calico gown with the lace collar.
It should only be a little while,
Just a little while until he comes home from war.

She clutches a letter tightly in her withered hand.
I'll be home soon, it said.
I'll be home soon.

She sits, as she has every day for so many years,
And awaits his return.
This was always his favorite dress, she thinks.
She won't believe that he has died.

Amy Lynne Ceader

A Day

Cold mornings,
Warm afternoons,
Rainy nights,
Indiana.

Sheila Gemperle

January

A Saturday in January can be cold and nondescript
unless it starts to snow and turns into a hit,
for when it snows in January, as it often will,
the snow, though cold and frosty, chases away the chill.
No longer do people look outside and mentally say burr,
and a boring, silent, sleepy day somehow begins to stir
with plans to make a snowman or to make a fort
or to have a snowball fight or football game of sorts.
You see, without the snow this month is dull and gray,
and everyone just sits around and doesn't want to play,
but when it snows and hides the gray and everything is white,
then everyone just laughs and plays, and January seems all right.

Jennifer Hammer

The Rose

A seed is planted
and that seed is I.
It's your responsibility
to see that I don't die.
With your presence
the sun shines brightly.
When the sun isn't shining
you make sure I'm all right.
At times you feel depressed with sorrow
And you keep hoping for a new tomorrow.
But with each tear you shed at my side —
Without them I'm sure I would have died.
Your tears are my rain
that makes me grow.
And no one else will have to know
how I went from a seed to a rose.
Just tell them it was love.

Gretchen M. Siegel

And She Is

and she is
and her ankle boots
and how her eyes glitter
and her dark curly hair
and in how she crossed her legs
and her black and blue sweater
and the way she moves her foot

glancing downward then looking
up and over her dark rimmed glasses

and in the folds of her dress
and the way she leans forward intense
and with the rings on her fingers
and the way she chews her pen
and the shake of her head her hair tumbling
and in the way she moves
and she is

picking up the mirror blue eyes reflected
touching up her makeup

and when she sighs
and in the dance of her fingers
and how the corners of her mouth turn upwards
and the way she talks
and how she looks over a room
and the way she looks at me
and she is

Christopher Helton